



Little Red Riding Hood

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MATTHEW ZAPRUDER

Little Red Riding Hood



Of this world we know very little.
In my little house I know green
stags leap over me when I sleep.
I know outside my little house
grass grows higher every time
I turn my head away until I have
to cut it with a knife. I know
I live with no one. He
throws gowns onto the lake,
they turn into sun on water.
I have a grandmother
on the other side of the forest
I know is full of destiny.
I know my destiny is to visit
my grandmother, but first
I must gather dust from wherever
it has gathered in the house
and throw it out into the afternoon
where it glints for a moment
in the slanted light then disappears.
One particular afternoon
walking unprotected
and quite visible in my favorite
cloak may very well be my destiny.
But I will know more than
you my wolves who came much
later than me. I saw great raptor
birds with huge dry leather wings
drifting via continental breezeways

above the innocent forests
through which tiny beings
with purpose moved. They were
not horsemen nor did they
wear bells. They knew sciences
we don't and all ate bark
and sometimes in winter lesser animals
with regret we feel now in our
dreams but always waking forget.